

## It's a 'Hand Thing'

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## It's a 'Hand Thing'

by [OBLVN](#)

### Summary

When George went hobby-searching, he surely did not expect to end up at a pottery class. He also didn't expect his teacher, with the funnily fitting name of Clay, to be as insanely hot as he is, and he also didn't expect to get the light fucked out of his eyes on the workbench he was just making a bowl on.

### Notes

Lmao smut arc

Enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“I’m bored with it all.” Those were Winston Churchill’s last words before he died of a stroke, oddly ironically. George had read that rather specific fact on an online forum about historic quotes once, and it stuck with him long enough for boredom to become a dangerous concept. Did he want to die bored? Definitely not. So, he went hobby searching.

How he ever got to that website in the first place, God only knows, and why he decided to sign

himself up for a try-out lesson, he wouldn't be able to tell you, but he suddenly finds himself standing outside the art gallery, waiting for his supposed teacher. Pottery hadn't been the first thing that came to mind, when he found himself looking for something to do. In fact, he never even considered it before that day. But something had called him there.

His phone provides very little amusement as he waits. He can refresh his Instagram feed all he wants, but it simply stops being interesting after a while, as do Twitter and Facebook. There's nobody to text, and *fuck*, his battery is running out as well.

But, as if the universe has heard his unspoken plea for help, another person strides towards him from a distance, catching his attention. And heaven aid him in the communication skills he is bound to have to use soon, because the guy who is heading straight for the gallery happens to be *insanely hot*.

George's rather inconvenient instinctual reaction of staring kicks in when the tall man with messy curls starts digging through the backpack he slings from his shoulder, lifting a set of keys from it, before directly meeting eyes with George.

"You here for the pottery class?" He speaks up, and George could swear he has never heard a voice as silky as the one leaving the throat of the divine being before him.

"Uh, yeah," he manages to answer. When the stranger smiles, George can only hope his cheeks don't look as red as they feel, and his pupils aren't as blown as people say they become when you're attracted to someone.

"You're early, most people only come in five minutes before we start," he says as he fits the key into the front door lock, opening it with a soft *click*.

"I was bored, I figured I'd try and be on time," George answers. With the man turned towards the door, George gets a chance to study his profile without feeling *too* intrusive. His face seems perfectly proportioned. It's almost unfair, the way his nose slopes down entirely straight, how his cheekbones stand out just enough, how flawlessly smooth his skin is, and then he's not even touched the subject of his hair yet. His curls light up to a warm blondish color in the sun, even some orange tones standing out. He could as well have been a model, George wouldn't have argued against it. "Are you the teacher?"

His airy chuckle sounds in touch with his looks, welcoming and warm. "Would you be disappointed if I was?" he says as he turns his head to flash George a grin.

"No, no, definitely not." George says in a spur of the moment. "Opposite, even." He quickly realizes he should not be saying those things to somebody he doesn't know, especially if there's a chance he's spending the next two hours with them. Thankfully, the other only laughs.

"It's your lucky day then," he answers as he pushes open the door and gestures for George to enter. He mutters a quick 'thanks' as he walks through, welcomed by bright, colorful compositions on all walls. *So he paints, also*, George thinks.

The man enters right after him and throws his bag down at the back end of the room, picking up a clipboard from a table stood at the side. Several work stations have been made inside of the space, six turning tables set up with stools behind each, and a table next to it with differently shaped and sized utensils ready for use.

"What's your name?" The guy asks as he scans the front paper.

“George.”

He nods, and picks a pen from his bag to check something off before putting his stuff down again and walking back over to George. His stretched out arm invites him for a handshake, which he couldn't refuse even if he wanted to. His natural response is too strong for that.

“I'm Clay,” he smiles, and he just can't help it. George can't help the little laugh that escapes him. He knows it's probably rude, or he's heard it a million times before, but a pottery teacher being called *Clay* is just a perfectly funny play of fate, and George needs to laugh it out of his system. “I know, okay?” The other laughs back. The way he rolls his eyes with the brightest smile, and how he squeezes George's hand just a little bit more as he throws his head back, makes George's chest feel like it's giggling itself, too.

“I'm sorry, I shouldn't laugh,” George apologizes, but Clay shakes his head before he seeks eye contact with him again, holding his hand just slightly longer than necessary for an introducing handshake. George can't help but notice just how much *bigger* his hand is around his own, how his calloused palm presses against his skin, just rough enough.

“You have a nice laugh, so it's okay,” he answers, and George swears his brain shuts off. Someone flipped the switch. It's draining right out of his skull. He barely registers it, but Clay winks before he lets go of his hand and walks back up front, leaving George a flustered mess. He *winked*. And he's making things obvious by staying silent. He needs to speak, something, anything, before it's going to be awkward. Save what there is left to be saved.

“How long have you been into clay?”

*Stupid goddamn question.*

“I could ask you the same, but I know it can't be more than five minutes,” Clay answers. George blinks slowly while Clay breathes out another laugh, clearly amused at George's poor conversation-holding qualities. “Kidding, kidding, I've been doing pottery since I was, like... twelve or something?” He reminisces as he unpacks his things.

“Cool,” George responds, underwhelmingly, as he inspects the stations. He decides to take place at one at the front, just spinning on the stool as he studies everything else in the room.

“What made you choose to do a pottery class?” Clay asks in return. George stills on the stool, his vision steadying before he makes eye contact with Clay again. His eyes, *good God, his eyes*. Mossy greens stare right back at him, and the freckles dotting his skin under them make his inviting aura increase tenfold in comfortableness. He's leaned against the desk, hands resting on his thighs casually.

“I needed a new hobby,” George answers honestly. “I decided I'd try something that I hadn't thought of previously, so now I'm here.” Clay nods with his lips curled upwards. *Don't stare at his lips*, George tells himself as his eyes shoot back up.

“I might be biased, but I'd say you made a great choice,” he jokes, and George can feel himself slowly relaxing a little more. A small smile even manages to crawl onto his lips as he keeps eye contact. Right as they teeter the edge of staring for a questionable amount of time, the front door opens up again, and two other guys walk in.

“—be fine, you'll find it fun, even,” one of them says as they walk in, before both of their heads turn to the front of the room.

“Hi, also here for the pottery class?” Clay smiles as he looks back at them. George spares them a quick glance before returning his gaze to the hands still lying unmoving in Clay’s lap. He plays with his own fingers as the guys speak up again.

“Yes!” The one on the right exclaims cheerily, and the other hums in agreement.

“What are your names?” Clay asks as he gets up to retrieve the clipboard again.

“Sapnap and Karl,” the one of the left says, less enthusiastic than the first, and Clay nods as he checks them off the list.

“Take any station you’d like,” he says, and falling back into their own conversation again, they take place on the other side of the room. Clay waits for another while, but although more people had signed up, nobody else enters the studio anymore. His face grimaces for a moment, before he drops the board again and meets eyes with George, immediately becoming brighter. “Guess you’ll get my full attention,” he says low enough for the other two not to hear, but just loud enough to give George proper whiplash.

“Uh-huh,” he stammers out as Clay flashes him another grin, then laughs, before he claps in his hands to catch all attention.

“Welcome to pottery,” he says with the brightest smile yet. It’s his passion, anyone can tell, from any distance, how he views the clay around his cuticles more like art than as an inconvenience. “Let’s start by reviewing the tools. Spoiler alert, you won’t be using many of them.” George shoots him a quizzical look before he glances over all kinds of loopy and pointy utensils. “The tools you’re going to be using most, are your hands,” he elaborates.

“Ew,” the guy next to him -Sapnap?- says as he scowls towards the blob of clay on his bench.

“Nothing ‘ew’ about it, really, you can wash anything off later,” Clay says, showcasing his hands by sticking them up in the air. Clean and taken care of. George wonders silently how rough they’d feel against his face, if Clay cupped his cheeks with them. *Huh?*

“You’ll be fine, dingus,” the guy behind him says. Sapnap throws him a playful look before sighing and looking straight ahead again.

“The obvious first step is getting your clay, so, go ahead,” Clay says as he gestures towards the material on George’s bench. With utmost care, George picks it up and inspects it. It’s lightly sticky against his hands, and he’s not quite sure how to go from there. “You can be a little rougher with it,” he instructs, and with unintentional doe eyes, George looks up at him.

“Yeah?” He asks. If he didn’t know any better, George would think Clay just visibly gulped while looking at him. Or, maybe he actually did.

“Yeah,” Clay says, strained, and it’s then that George realizes how much fun Clay was probably having, flirting with him. He’s seen the light now. “So, uh,” he continues, picking himself back up. “You want to work it smooth, make it one consistent ball, so work it against the bench.” He picks up a blob for himself and starts rolling it against the desk up at the front, for everyone in view. George watches silently how his palms press the clay down, rolling it out, like he’s giving it a rough massage, and for a split second, he imagines those hands pressing against his own back. How his muscles would loosen up, before his fingers move to his shoulders, down his arms, towards his sides, his hips—

A dull thud shakes him back to reality as he realizes the clay has fallen from his hands back to the

bench. Curious eyes are pointed at him from where Clay is stood, bowed down over his desk with his hands pressing down. “All good, George?” He asks, smiling as if he knows exactly what’s going on, those stray curls falling partly over his eyes.

“All good,” George confirms as he picks it back up. He makes an effort to mimic Clay’s movements, forming the material into a smooth ball like he’s demonstrating. The two others seem unaware of the tension that’s already seeping through all of George’s fibers. It has his brain captured, for sure, and it doesn’t look like it’ll let him go anytime soon. Stuck in a prison of Clay.

“What we’re gonna do next, is center the clay on the wheel before we can do something called throwing,” he then explains. He pulls up a spinning wheel to the desk, settling down behind it, and he places the mass in the middle. “Watch closely, and feel free to try whenever you think you’re ready to,” he says, making eye contact with all of them one by one. George doesn’t know if he imagines the way their gazes linger for longer, but Clay is focussed back on his task before he has a chance to overthink it. His hand dips into a bowl of water, and George can barely process how suddenly a weird new feeling erupts in his stomach.

Clay’s hands press together, so mindful and skilled, and within no-time, he’s turned the shapeless blob into a small pillar, stretching it upward as his hands close in. The water makes it all more workable, but also seeps between his fingers, covering his hands completely in gray. He moves them up and down so steady and careful, it’s mesmerizing, and *goddamn is it hot*.

George has to make an effort to keep his jaw from dropping, instead opting to bite on his lower lip until he can feel it swell up under the force. Clay’s fingers move in a way that seems unnatural for such big, roughened up hands, but he’s completely in control of it. Within just a few minutes, the clay lies centered and smooth on the wheel, and he looks back up.

The two next to George have already started working on their own, seemingly finding some big struggles with it. It’s at the moment where Clay looks over at him, he realizes he should have started as well, but was too preoccupied with... *other things*.

He decides to ignore the stirring in his abdomen, instead gently pressing his foot down on the pedal to make the table spin softly. Following Clay’s example, he wets his hands, and lets the material be shaped to what he wants, trying to form it into the shapes he had seen before him. It’s a little tougher than it looks, his hands aren’t quite as steady yet, but he’s getting there, slowly but surely.

He’s startled out of his concentration by the voice that appears behind him, low and husky when it asks, “need any help?” He feels his presence lingering over his shoulder, looking down on George’s fingers gingerly pressing into the clay, and George can feel that same pressure in his stomach as he had felt before.

“Do I?” He asks. He looks back over his shoulder to find Clay’s face inches away from him, who meets his eyes instantly. He glances over George’s lips momentarily, before looking back into his eyes, and then to his hands again.

“Do you mind, if I...?” He asks carefully as he reaches around George, hands hesitantly lingering around the clay. George pulls his own back before he nods, and then watches him go to work.

“You want to start shaping it very carefully,” he says as he dips his thumbs into the middle, creating a little well. He pinches and moves his hands outward to create the vague shape of a bowl, his fingers gliding across the wetness like they’ve never done differently. An embarrassing strain in George’s pants complicates his focus.

“Don’t make the rim too thin, you need something to work with when you extend it out like this,”

he explains. The low rumble in George's ear gives him undeniable goosebumps, all over his back and neck as he watches Clay lift his hands, still dripping with gray water. "Your turn."

As best as he can, George lets his hands get into the same position he beheld, and lets the wheel spin again. Unfortunately, he seems to pinch slightly too hard. The rim thins quickly, and as there's about to be clay flying all around the room, his wrist is grabbed onto harshly. "Let go," the voice demands, and something makes George do exactly what's asked from him. He stares at the fingers wrapped tightly around his wrist, leaving gray stains over his skin in the shape of a possessive hand. He'd whine at the sight if it wouldn't be as incredibly inappropriate as it is. It makes him imagine bruises, there where Clay's hands grip onto him the harshest.

"Sorry," he mutters as Clay lets go, and he starts correcting what George did wrong.

"It's okay, it's a learning curve," he says, kinder than before, and his hands pull away again to make room for George to try once more. The second time goes better, and he almost wishes it hadn't, because it makes Clay leave his spot behind him to check up on Karl and Sapnap, who could be in a burning house and they wouldn't notice with the utter focus they're in.

Eventually, they all seem to get the hang of it a little bit better. It takes longer than any professional potter would need for just a simple bowl, but that's the point of a class, George guesses. After two hours, all have made a simple bowl of their own, ready to dry overnight.

"Thank you all for coming," Clay smiles as he claps his hands. "You can all come pick your bowls up in a few days, I'll text you a picture so you can decide what glaze you want on it, and when that's done, you can come pick it up."

Karl snorts quickly as he makes eye contact with Sapnap, before looking over at Clay again. "You'll have hardened clay," he jokes, and the room falls silent for just a moment, before Sapnap bursts out laughing, and neither Clay or George can suppress their giggles.

"Yeah, yep," Clay agrees helplessly, before Karl and Sapnap head out with a wave and a final smile. For some odd reason, George can't seem to move himself through the door. All morning, he's felt taunted by Clay's entire being, more specifically, *his hands*. Even now, when they're all cleaned, not slicked up anymore, just holding his phone, they make for an annoying southward blood flow. He can't deny how red his face must be at this point, especially when Clay stuffs his phone away again and faces him.

"Think you found a good new hobby?" He smiles as he steps closer.

"Yeah, who knows, it was pretty fun," George admits. He doesn't miss the glint that appears in Clay's eyes as he looks back up from dropping his head.

"What was your favorite part?" There is a certain mischief in the way his voice has dropped so much lower than it was. It entices him, lures him right in to spill every stirring feeling right for Clay to grab and make his own.

"I guess maybe... uh, it's gonna sound weird," he stammers, reaching to scratch the back of his neck. "When you helped me? I don't know, it was... fun," he decides. The statement can be received one of two ways. Either Clay is horrified, sends him away, and smashes his bowl, or he is flattered and things go upward from here on.

"Yeah?" He says as he takes another step closer to George. His eyelids fall ever so slightly more closed as he stares George down, pulling his lips between his teeth as he studies every last freckle on George's face.

“Mm-hm,” George hums. He looks up just as intently, and he knows Clay can so easily just read exactly what’s on his face. It’s lust, it’s red hot desire, and it’s a preference for Clay to start using his hands on other things than just pottery.

“What was so fun about it?” He asks. His voice is now barely above a whisper, but sends a bass echoing right through George’s every last fiber.

“You, uhm... you grabbed me, at one point,” he admits, and Clay tilts his head slightly before he releases his own lips. He looks at his own hand for a moment, before eyeing George’s face again, and then his wrist. Without even a second of hesitation, it’s encaged in his grip again, the exact same way it was before. With nobody else around, George releases the tiny whimper that had been bothering the back of his throat.

“Like that?” Clay teases as he squeezes softly, finger tips almost pressing bruises into his skin.

“Yeah,” George breathes out, watching the now familiar sight. His fingers are so much thicker, rougher than his own, he could easily hold George down, if he wanted to. *Maybe he wants to.*

“Where should I put my other?” He asks, sweeter. The greens glimmer, asking for whatever permission George can give them. Instead of answering plainly, he takes Clay’s hand in his own, running his smaller thumb across his knuckles, before lifting it to his face. As if there had been a muscle memory already there, Clay grips George’s chin carefully, tilting it up as he examines every emotion that flashes across George’s face.

“You like my hands?” Clay asks. There’s no mockery in his voice, thankfully, so George feels free to nod. His thumb drags across his lips, pulling the bottom one down until it releases back, and George feels like he could collapse with the way his knees turn completely weak.

“A lot,” George whispers back. Clay only hums, guiding George’s face into different angles, all while letting his eyes wander every inch of skin.

“I did think I saw something, but it wasn’t my imagination then,” he says. George shakes his head as carefully as he can, not wanting to lose the hand touching his face. Not yet, anyway. A little startling, but very welcome, Clay suddenly leans in, before he whispers, “can I kiss you?”

George takes it into his own hands, not responding verbally, but instead quickly raising himself on his toes to press his lips onto the pair before him. The eagerness is so very noticeable right away, when it takes only a few short seconds for their movements to become more hungry, more begging. Tongues become quickly involved, and Clay’s hand moves from George’s chin to his neck, angling his face to deepen the kiss easier.

The squeeze on George’s wrist tightens significantly to an almost painful force, and the moan that falls past George’s lips, onto Clay’s, is nothing short of desperate and lewd.

Without needing to exchange a single word, they pull apart, and the lips that were previously catching George’s moan, swiftly attach themselves to his throat. He finds himself pushed back, until his thighs hit one of the workbenches, and he’s easily hoisted onto it.

“God,” Clay whispers against his skin, before attacking it with suction to give George a reminder that will last for days.

“Purple, reddish purple,” he breathes out, confusing Clay for a moment.

“Hmm?”

“The color I want the glaze, on the bowl, make it what you’re putting on me now,” he demands, and he can feel the smile pressing to his neck.

“Anything you want,” he mumbles, before developing a new bruise on the other side, leaving George a panting mess, that doesn’t know what to do with his own hands. He doesn’t dare move the one being held so tightly, but the other he decides can start pulling at the hem of Clay’s shirt. The hint is clear, because Clay has it pulled off within seconds, and George’s follows quickly after.

In a moment of courage, George opens his legs and hooks them behind Clay’s, pulling him in. When their crotches touch for the first time, and the early sliver of friction makes him moan, Clay pulls off from his neck. His darkened eyes demand to be looked into, and George complies. What else could he do?

“What if I...” Clay starts his sentence, but he lets himself be interrupted by another one of George’s moans as Clay’s hand lands straight on the prominent bulge in his jeans. He doesn’t seem to want to waste any more time, palming George just right, sending him floating on a cloud a pleasure. He doesn’t protest when his jeans are shoved off, and his boxers follow right away, having had enough foreplay throughout the entire morning.

“Please,” George whines as a big hand wraps itself around his base, but stays unmoving. “Please, please,” he says again as he places his free hand on Clay’s shoulder, who simply smiles at him. He can’t decipher if it’s mock, tease, sweetness, or all at the same time. He can’t be bothered to look long enough to find out when the hand grants mercy, and starts moving, making his eyes screw shut as tightly as they can.

“What do you like about my hands?” Clay whispers into his ear. It makes George’s arm sling around his neck, locking him in his grip to have his lips pressing kisses all over the side of his face. Had there not been precum already forming, his rough palms would have been hellish, but his skilled thumb has made work of spreading it around.

“So big and rough,” George manages to bring out through squeezed throat. If only he could see himself from a distance. He looks a mess, he sounds a mess, he *is* a mess, submitting right to Clay’s hands, about to *make* a mess.

Clay’s thumb rubs circles into his wrist as George fully gives in to whatever he’ll be given, from whatever higher power has granted him this. These hands, these lips, giving him everything he could be dreaming of.

A new feeling of nervousness develops into George when Clay slowly sinks onto his knees, not once breaking eye contact as his mouth moves dangerously close to his flushed excitement. His eyes turns questioning once more, and George quickly nods, threading his free hand through the messy curls he had been admiring all they. They feel as soft as they look, falling every which way, and passing between his fingers like silk.

When a pair of lips plant themselves onto his red tip, an almost embarrassingly loud moan spills across the room, of which *thank god*, the thin curtains have been closed. He drags the sound out when the mouth moves down, and he feels a tongue doing exactly what it knows how to do. He wonders silently how much experience Clay must have, but he can’t finish the thought as cheeks hollow around him.

An overwhelming wish to be filled *everywhere* takes him over, causing for a whine to push itself out through his lips, slick with spit. It’s easy for Clay to take the hint. He presses George’s hand and bruising wrist onto the bench, while he lifts the other to George’s mouth, pushing two fingers



right into the wetness. He lifts himself off for a second, demanding “*suck*,” and George can only comply. His tongue tangles with the thick fingers inside of him, feeling just a little less empty. Ideally Clay would pull off soon, fill his mouth with his own tongue, and use his fingers on another opening, but not after he himself starts sucking the light from George’s eyes.

Nothing in his brain seems to comprehend quite what is happening, fading in and out of reality and a dream, and letting them mingle together into euphoria. It’s nothing short of absolute paradise, when Clay dives all the way down until his nose presses into George’s skin. He lets a last shaky moan escape him when Clay pulls all the way up, and lets go with a sickening *pop*.

Not once is George’s wrist let go, still caged in, still bruising, but the thought of the lasting pain and marks only excites him further. As wished, Clay’s hand leaves his mouth, but his fingers are replaced with that skilled tongue of his. He can anticipate when happens next, but still squirms when a wet finger presses against the rim of his hole.

“Ready?” Clay whispers between kisses, and George only hums needily, before it enters him. His automatic resistance quickly soothes as Clay tries something new. He holds his grip, but he lifts George’s hand to his stomach, flattening his palm against the skin. He guides George’s every movement, circling downwards, until he encourages him to wrap his own softer palm around his cock, delivering slow strokes.

Once the first finger thrusts in and out easily, a truer challenge begins. The second pushes past, but pauses when George hisses out.

“Should I stop?” Clay whispers, keeping his hand still while continuing to guide George’s hand up and down slowly. George is quick to shake his head, squeezing his eyes shut.

“No, it’s fine, just... slow, please,” he croaks out, and he immediately feels both fingers slow in pace, while his own hand is being urged to speed up. “God,” he breathes out, downright putty in Clay’s hands. The highest of pleasures only reaching him when Clay decides to angle his fingers slightly different, and they slide against a spot that nearly makes him scream. He can’t open his eyes, but he knows the smile that must be gracing Clay’s lips right about now.

Having found that particular bundle of nerves, and Clay abusing it to his liking, the stretch continues, until three fingers enter and exit easily. It’s that moment where Clay decides to take them out, and use them to take off his own pants and boxers.

George finds a moment to finally open his eyes again, but the sight below nearly makes his eyes pop out of his sockets. From his lean body, tan with freckles all over, muscles defined, stands a twitching red cock, ready to push into whatever hole presents itself to him. Clay doesn’t fail to notice George’s bewilderment, but mercifully decides not to comment, instead spitting into his own hand. At this point, George wishes he had brought some kind of lubricant, but how could he have known? Spit will have to do.

Clay makes sure not to take too long before his tip is pressing right into George’s rim, and George quickly latches his arm around Clay’s neck again. His wrist is pushed right back into the bench where it was before, scuffed spots appearing where his palm rubs against the wood, but he couldn’t care less. Not when Clay’s cock is slowly pushing into him, stretching him further with a burn he had never felt before.

He bites down a cry while he pushes his face into Clay’s shoulder, who, by now, is panting just as hard as he is.

“Doing so well,” he utters into George’s hair as he pushes further, dragging against his tight walls,

and everything feels new. Down from their sweat mixing, to George barely balancing onto the workbench where his ass is lifted mostly off, to the urge to cry at the stretch. He holds back, he only groans, waiting for it to get better. “You’re good, God, so good,” Clay breathes, before finally bottoming out. Clay guides his hand off the bench again, to his stomach, where *oh. He can feel a slight bulge.*

“Oh fuck,” George groans out as he waits for the burn to get better. Slowly but surely, he can recompose himself, and after telling Clay he can move again, things go uphill, fortunately.

Everything goes very slow at the beginning. The shallow thrusts, the whispered words of affirmation, and push on his aching wrist that holds his hand to his belly. George’s hisses of pain gradually evolve into groans, and finally stretched out moans, whenever Clay comes close to his prostrate again. It’s only when the pace builds up more and more, when he manages to hit it full on, again eliciting something like a scream from George. He feels dust from the clay, that was lying on the bench still, sticking to his skin, but he doesn’t care. If anything, he’d want clay stains all over him, in the shape of Clay’s hands.

He wants prints on his ass, on his back, his neck, his face, hell, even his cock. He would take any artful reminder, he would let Clay paint on him, and then let him take a picture to remember forever. He would let himself be put up in a museum, he doesn’t care, as long as he gets to keep this.

The bench rattles as Clay sets a merciless pace, pouncing into him without a break to catch their breaths. Their voices, their moans, they all fall from their lips simultaneously, George from where his prostrate is being treated, Clay from how George’s wall tighten around him. It’s like day overflowing in night, and the other way around. It’s like the sun giving the moon its light, and the stars falling down from the sky around them. It’s dried paint and clay dust, mixing together, staining their hands and everything they touch. Art in its finest.

“Gonna— gonna cum,” George cries out as his teeth dig shallowly into Clay’s shoulder, who moans a high pitched sound in agreement. It’s a wonder the table still stands on its four legs, with the fact all utensils have fallen off, and they’re shaking it with greater force than it has ever seen.

“Cum for me,” Clay moans out, finally digging his nails into George’s wrist as it’s pushed back onto the bench, while his other hand makes long but fast strokes all over him. It’s finally, after an entire day of longing and wishing and endlessly desiring, that he’s pushed over the edge. The volcano at the bottom of his stomach erupts with force, sending shock waves all through his body as he arches his back. With mouth fallen wide open, all kinds of sounds spilling out, and his eyes screwed shut, he lets Clay push him through his orgasm, soon feeling his hips stutter against him, coming with a shaky moan as well. Not only the clay that was on the table before stains it with white now, George having left quite the mess he promised, not to mention what will be leaking from him, any time now.

It takes Clay a moment to catch his breath fully, before he has the heart to stop moving and pull out. There’s no power left in any of George’s muscles, he can’t find it in himself to even care about what evidence he leaves behind, he simply collapses against Clay, who catches him lovingly in his arms.

“Tired?” He whispers into George’s hair, who can only hum, sore all over already. His wrist is let go, and he already knows he won’t be able to use it properly for a few days. He may need to cover it with bandages, if it keeps looking as bad as it does, to avoid any further questions. “Let’s go,” Clay mumbles as he lifts George from the bench, and lets him cling onto his chest like a sleepy koala.

“Where are we going?” George says softly, before yawning deeply, and feeling Clay carry him up some stairs.

“I’ve got a studio space up here, just not using it yet,” he explains as they reach the top, and George hears a door being pushed open.

“Hmm,” he hums, not bothering to open his eyes as he’s being laid down on some soft of flimsy mattress on the ground. Time has disappeared as a concept when suddenly he’s wiped down with a wash cloth, and his hand is being covered in lotion and anti-bruising creams, or so it seems. He doesn’t mind, though, when another body shuffles in next to him, and pulls him close.

“So, my hands huh,” Clay whispers, and much to his amusement, George only groans annoyedly in response.

“Whatever,” he mumbles into Clay’s bare chest, still tasting faint salt on his lips. Maybe they can shower together later. Maybe that’d be something Clay could be up to. Or maybe he’ll be sent home right away, when the morning comes.

“Have some sleep,” Clay whispers into his hair, and he doesn’t need to be told twice. His mind slowly drifts off to a place where only Clay’s hands and a ruined workbench count, and where heaven doesn’t seem so far away anymore. He quickly allows himself to fall asleep, right there in the arms of his insanely hot pottery teacher.

*Oh God, he’s sleeping with his pottery teacher.*

## End Notes

Do we like the light kink stuff? Should I make more kink centered fics like this? Maybe even heavier kinks? Let me know!

For updates on me and my writing and other shenanigans, consider following me on twitter @\_OBLVN :)

Kudos and comments always appreciated, I love you guys :)  
Until next time!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!